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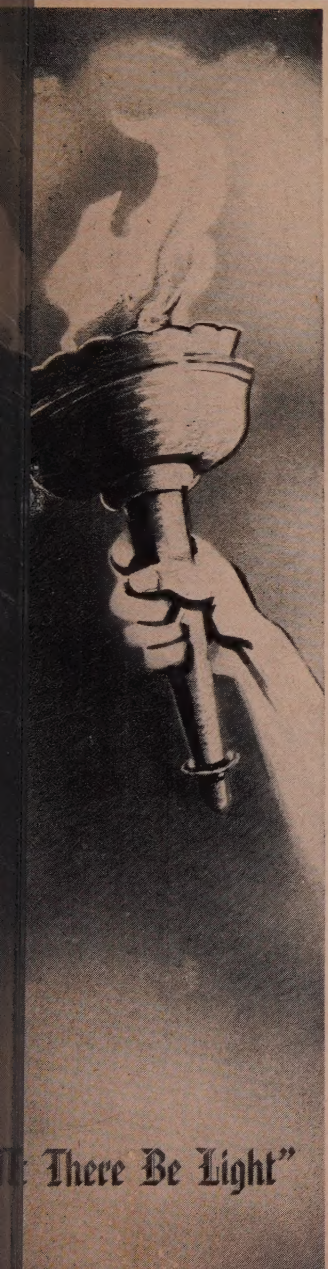
JULY, 1943

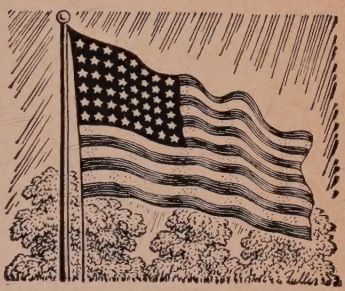
The Liberalist

PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO



"There Be Light"

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

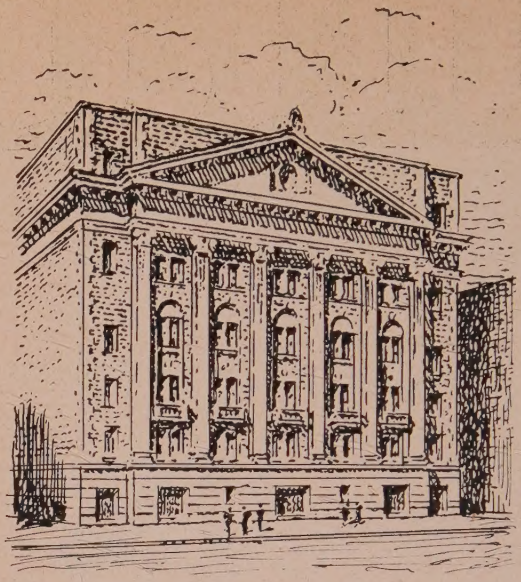


THE STARS AND STRIPES

Thank God we can see, in the glory of morn
The invincible flag that our fathers defended;
And our hearts can repeat what the heroes have sworn,
That war shall not end till the war lust is ended.
Then the blood-thirsty sword shall no longer be lord
Of the nations oppressed by the conqueror's horde,
But the banners of freedom shall peacefully wave
Over the world of the free and the lands of the brave.

Henry van Dyke.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

The Liberalist

PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, Associate Editor

Vol. XX **July, 1943** *Number 4*

Dr. Bradley's Summer Activities

BROADCASTS

SUNDAY

WJJD—Chicago, Ill. ..... 11:00 a.m.

DAILY, MONDAY THROUGH FRIDAY, OVER THE FOLLOWING STATIONS AT THE HOURS LISTED

WGN—Chicago, Ill. ..... 7:15 a.m.
WNAX—Yankton, S. Dak. 6:00 p.m.
KBTM—Jonesboro, Ark. .... 7:45 a.m.
KYSM—Mankato, Minn. .... 6:30 p.m.
KROC—Rochester, Minn. .... 6:30 p.m.
WOW—Omaha, Nebr. ..... 7:15 a.m.
KSD—St. Louis, Mo. ..... 7:15 a.m.
KFEQ—St. Joseph, Mo. ..... 6:00 p.m.
WHO—Des Moines, Iowa .... 6:00 p.m.
KATE—Albert Lea-Austin, Minn. ..... 8:00 p.m.

Won't you write your friends in any of the cities listed and ask them to listen in and send Dr. Bradley their comments.

✦ ✦ ✦

BOOK REVIEW

EVERY SUNDAY

Read Dr. Bradley's "Religious Book of the Week" in "BOOK WEEK" of The Chicago Sun

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CHURCH SERVICES RESUMED

SUNDAY MORNING—September 19th ..... 11:00 o'clock
Broadcast by WJJD

SUNDAY EVENING—November 7th ..... 7:30 o'clock
Not Broadcast

MRS. CLEO STEWARD HEARS FROM HER COUSIN

April 11, 1943.
New Guinea.

Dearest Cousin:

Just received your letter. Needless to say it was a pleasant surprise. Since mother wrote you at Christmas time I have moved several times. First to Australia and now to New Guinea. Australia is the only decent place I've been so far. The people are a lot like those found in the States, although some of their customs and manners are strange. We made quite a few mistakes while we were there. Gave the Australians some moments of laughter and some moments that were filled with wonder and doubt. Many the times I heard the phrase "You bloody Yanks get away with murder."

Now New Guinea is just the opposite. Somewhat similar to my former home. Tropical. Nothing but rain and hot sun. A dampness which prevails at all times. All the ground is one tenacious mire with mud and decomposing mould everywhere. Foliage that grows overnight and every known thing that creeps, crawls or flies infests this island.

Soldiering in New Guinea is hard but it also has its lighter sides. There are many things that are so strange and beautiful that words fail me when attempting to describe them. I shall always remember the laughter and the merry song and jest and the comrade spirit born of war, which gives the game its zest. The soft tropical nights with every star a-gleaming and the lonely call of the bugles by night and day. Divine service in the middle of the jungle that softens the hardened faces of men at war. The sound of a piano in a Red Cross hut, playing tunes full of memories of happiness gone by. Music mixing with the songs of the night to form a perfect harmony. Men living together for the present only. Praying to God that there will be a future. Men praying who have never prayed before. Looking to God for guidance of a life that has known nothing but evil. All this and much more I will remember. Remember to the last days of my existence. War is hell but it also does something to a man that nothing else can do.

It has been said that a man who can sift his memories is lucky. Lucky because he has only the pleasant things of life to remember. The rest, far back in a small corner of the mind. For no matter how hard I try to forget, there are a few things that will remain forever. Things that will disturb my dreams. Those times that are hard. Those times when I felt like quitting but knew the only way was ahead. Ahead to tomorrow when there will be peace on this great Earth of ours.

I've been trying to show you the working of a soldier's mind when he is a long way from home, performing a task that is unpleasant but necessary. How far I have succeeded I don't know. There are some things that have to be experienced and war is one of them. You can't put it on paper. It either sounds morbid or like a big glorious game. There are so many sides to it, no one can see it all at once.

Enough of that for now. This has developed into more than I expected, already. Paper is a luxury here, too, and here I start on page No. 5 which reminds me: since you want to send me something; paper is just what I can

(Continued on page 7)

"ANSWERED PRAYER"

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
PASTOR OF THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

APRIL 4, 1943

THIS morning's sermon is one of the series under the general theme of "Eternal Truths For Victorious Living." I chose that general theme because I wanted to say some things that would have the ring of eternity and could not particularly be identified or associated with any era through which we are passing; I wanted to see if it would be possible for us to get the sweep of the ageless, to grasp a comprehension of that which persists in its vitality and in its character irrespective of any assault that may be made upon it. And so I have chosen this Sunday morning to speak out of my soul and heart to you under that vibrant general theme of eternal truths for victorious living, on the special subject of "Prayer," and particularly on the reason for answered prayer, and why so many of our prayers go unanswered. One of the things, perhaps, which undermines most people's faith in prayer is the fact that they pray so often sometimes, and so long, only to find their prayers unanswered, and then their faith begins to quaver and they begin to doubt the efficacy of prayer, and to wonder if there is anybody who can answer prayer, and all sorts of reactions take place within our minds and hearts that sometimes result in undermining the foundations of our faith and our lives.

Now, I realize the difficulties which I have constructed for myself in the ambitions of this address this morning. There may be an infinite variety of reasons, which I would not be able to detect, as to why your prayers as an individual go unanswered, or why my prayers may go unanswered, I should have to know more about each one of you and it would not lend itself, in any sense, to the demands and requirements of a public sermon; you and I would have to sit down quietly and reverently together and alone and it would be necessary for me to analyze many important factors in your praying before we might find an answer as to why your prayers are unanswered. It would be necessary for me to know you, as an individual, intimately and well and to know something about the experiences of life which have been yours, what you have had to face, the trouble, the worry, the anxiety, the sickness, the disappointments, the frustration, the inhibitions, I should have to know them all if we were to get the answer adequately and successfully. So the best I can do in a public address and before a large assembly is merely to state certain general principles and then if you, as individuals, find that you can make to your own individual problem and difficulty an application of those principles, then I have touched your specific problem, and the service and the sermon have been helpful.

Many an individual has had a disastrous experience with prayer. A great many people have had experiences with praying that have just mutilated their spiritual perceptions, and they discard all prayer-life. I imagine there are people in the congregation this morning who never pray, and there are others who were accustomed to praying, but who pray no more in the sense that we usually think of prayer as objective, I mean formulated prayer, a definite prayer . . . perhaps some of

you have not prayed for years. Then there is the type of individual who never prays until he is in trouble, and I think that takes in more of us than we think it does. I have known men who were profane and licentious and thoroughly bad who had not prayed for years and then suddenly let some trouble dawn upon their lives, someone be taken from them, something happen to a child of theirs, something happen to their work, or something happen that comes in the form of a great challenge against them and automatically a prayer leaps to their lips, lips that are unaccustomed to the phraseology of prayer.

Let us begin at the beginning and see if we can, together this morning, work out an answer to some of these problems of prayer, for I grant you it is a problem; there is a great deal involved, and vastly more than I can cover within the time limitations which we have.

It is interesting, from the point of view of the record, to know that the only thing the disciples asked Jesus to do, the only thing they asked him to do was when they said: "Lord, teach us to pray." In all the record of the life of Jesus as recorded in the Synoptic Gospels the only request that any of the disciples made of Jesus was, "Lord, teach us to pray," and I assume that that request must have been made because they saw by example in the life of the Teacher, with whom they were intimately associated, the results of a prayer-life; undeniably the capacity of Jesus to meet his experiences with life must have been determined and established upon the quality of his own prayer-life. Jesus was a praying person, and represented the highest climax of perfection in the orderliness of his life. To a greater extent than any other person who ever lived, he had come to a consciousness of unity with his Father so that he could say: "I and my Father are one" and only say it at the close of his life, and not at the beginning; at the beginning of his life when he was only twelve the Teacher said, you will recall, "Know ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" That was youth speaking. It was only after the experiences of his public ministry and the impact which he had against the society of which he was a part, after the triumph and development and evolution toward moral sublimity and spiritual perfection which characterized the Teacher of Galilee, and after he had accomplished his Father's business that he was able to say "I and my Father are one." The spiritual discernment, the spiritual illumination, the spiritual revelation compelled him to recognize the unity by which any soul can become identified with the OverSoul, which is God, and in gaining the perfection by which the Master reached that degree of unity he found it necessary to develop the technique of prayer. It was the basis by which this unity could be established in which through the years he was able to develop such a consciousness and such a perception of spiritual truth that it, in its effect upon his own soul, constantly raised him toward the perfection of God himself.

My dear friends of the Church, that is not an experience unique with Jesus alone. That experience is not unique in the world; it can be your experience too. The great power of God was manifested in Christ, just as the power of God can be manifested in you when you and I take on the disciplining which spiritual vitality demands in order to become God-like.

People have said, "What is God-like?" If you know Christ you know what God is like, for Christ, in his spiritual evolution, reflected the whole being of God, and that precludes the necessity for theological ambiguity and

the vagaries of an outgrown, traditional point of view on the vitality of the Master. His development finally found its fruition so perfect that he did not know disease, for disease cannot dwell in a perfect God-consciousness. There is no truer philosophy ever spoken than the philosophy that there must be a deep-seated, elemental existence of antagonistic spiritual propensity that ever paves the way for disease. There can be no room in the God-consciousness for hate, for envy, for jealousy, for illness, for any of these factors which in and of themselves mutilate spiritual sensitiveness, and the reason why more prayer is not answered is because the one who does the praying has not cleaned house with his mind and has not taken the debris out of his soul. The consciousness of God cannot manifest itself in the unity of spiritual propensities until we are willing to put everything upon the altar of God's love. That means clean minds, clean bodies, clean souls; that means the death of envy and jealousy; it means defeating rumor, slander, hurting another, telling a lie; it means the baptism of the Holy Spirit. That's what the baptism of the Holy Spirit means, and the life can be perfectly transformed in that technique of prayer. That's why so many people are floundering about; that is why there is so much anxiety, chaos and disturbance about it all, so much theological controversy, so much bickering, so many of these antagonisms: the full fruition of the spirit of God is denied, and there are reasons for it.

Now, I want to say a few words about the technique of prayer. Obviously, I think that you know me well enough in my point of view to know that I am not concerned about the objectivity of prayer, and that it makes no difference whether you stand, kneel; I am not interested in the superficial aspect of prayer any more than I am interested in the form and ceremony as being the life and soul of religion. I am only concerned with the spiritual truth of your conception of prayer to the extent that we can rise above the petty materialisms that have surrounded so much of our praying. It seems to me that the very first thing about all prayer is a realization that the mood in which we pray must be one of reception to truth. The mood in which we pray! An example of that, perhaps, might be in these active, busy days of ours with many hours occupied with the strenuous experiences of daily living, what Havelock Ellis called the "sigh"—you know the sigh you hear people give sometimes, in the midst of a duty or task that may be unpleasant. Do you know what that sigh is? It is a prayer; that's praying, and mood is so essential for a reception of prayer, that's why we have worship, that's why we come into this Church, and other Churches; all Churches are alike in this particular. That's why there is a definite effort of continuity. That's why the great Church of Rome prepares itself by a long series of steps up, up, until the final moment when the priest, standing at the altar, raises the Holy of Holies and standing, with that elevated above the altar, and above himself, there comes a climactic moment for the worshipping audience: that is cultivating the mood for the spiritual perception, and we must put ourselves in that mood and not make prayer just a spontaneous utterance from the lips that a moment ago might have held a curse. Not call it prayer when under the pressure of some emergency that suddenly develops in your life, you exclaim, "O, God, why must this come to me? O, God, why did this happen to me? O, God, O, God!" That's the exasperation of a soul that has broken the spiritual contacts, and the mood for

the true realization of prayer must be that of receptivity. We must do what the Master said, enter our closets, shut the door, and alone and in quiet breathe our prayer to God: that is effectual praying, the sense of need, the response of the heart, and freely opening every avenue, cleansing the mind from suspicion, from arguments, opening the windows of the soul and the heart for the full infiltration of the spirit of reality. That's prayer. You don't even have to do it in a Church, you can pray anywhere, because God is everywhere.

And the second thing, it seems to me, is this: our prayers should be formulated on the basis of affirmations. I know in our little white Church at home when I was a boy, we had an elder in that little church whose particular delight was his public prayer; he never seemed more religious than when he was praying, and between you and me, he never was, he was more religious then than he was all the rest of the week. I could recite for you his whole prayer, because he never changed it. I am not criticizing him, nor the prayer, it was a good prayer, but it had no soul, because he took up so much of God's time by explaining to God that which God already knew, and that is what so many people do and call it prayer: "O, God, thou knowest" . . . ten minutes of telling God what He knows, and thinking of that as prayer. Why, that is not prayer at all. By no stretch of the imagination can you call that prayer. What do I mean by affirmation? I mean this, that every prayer properly articulated either by the lips or the language of the soul, for spoken words are unnecessary, *every prayer, by an affirmative position, has within itself the seeds of its own answer.* I want you to think about that. The affirmative attitude toward life is a perpetual prayer affirming for yourself health, awakening in the morning and demanding for yourself a beautiful day, a day in your life affirming the faithfulness of friends by being faithful yourself as a friend. It is the affirmative prayer; affirming unity with the eternal gradually creates within you the capacity of the eternal and you become a fortified being. That's what happens. Trouble? Of course! Tears? Of course! Heartaches? Of course! Problems? Of course! No one ever ought to pray to escape trouble, everyone ought to pray for the fortification to meet trouble triumphantly and thereby become strong.

Most of our praying is what I sometimes call "gimme" praying. It's "Lord, gimme this . . . Lord, gimme that . . . Lord, give me the other. . . . O, Lord, gimme, gimme, gimme, gimme" and people take their own little world and selves and they want this, that, and the other. You never have to pray a "gimme" prayer if you are living a positive, affirmative life of prayer unity, never. Then when the problems and difficulties and the anxieties and tears and all the rest flood our souls we are more than conquerors, we can stand like a mountain and not quaver.

How do you suppose the great of the world, who have written their names in records of great humanitarian achievements, with broken, twisted bodies, some of them with no eyes, and no ears to hear and incapable of speech . . . how do you explain the Helen Kellers of the world, and there are thousands in lesser degree of affliction but of similar illustration? How do you explain the mothers of America, and the mothers of the world, in the basic heroism of the nobility of this hour? How do you explain the triumph of the soul in adversity and trouble? Explain it? It is superbly simple: they have followed an ancient in-

junction, "Pray without ceasing" — with every hour a prayer, and every breath a prayer; that means answered prayer. The climax of this truth has been unimpeachably reached in a philosophy of prayer that most people do not like, and most people do not share. Instead of praying: "I want my way, I want this thing, I want this for my own; that is my prayer" and it goes unanswered, and then one day you pray: "Lord, not my will, but Thy will be done," and the miracle happens to you. That's prayer. We have been praying our own little wills, and our own little world and we have not been praying at all, and the Master-Teacher was the highest exponent of that truth, "Not my will." When he was hanging and clinging to a rock in a Gethsemane Garden until the blood spurted from his nails in the agony of an impending tragedy, and clinging to the rock, he said: "Father, Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless, not my will but Thine be done," and he went out to the death on a cross but to an immortality for all time, losing his life that he might find it again. That is praying.

AN EXPRESSION OF GRATITUDE

On Sunday, June 6, which was Youth Sunday in The Peoples Church, the youth of one of our outstanding organizations in the City of Chicago, the Junior Association of Commerce of Chicago, presented me with an award for service to the civic and cultural life of Chicago. I knew nothing of their intention until the moment of presentation, just before the close of the service. I had just finished speaking on the subject, "Youth! This Is Your Hour!" when Mr. W. J. Peak, President of the Junior Association of Commerce, stepped to the platform and made the presentation.

It is with deep and unbounded appreciation to those who made this possible, that I have had published in this issue on page 8 a facsimile of the scroll.

Preston Bradley.

Mrs. Cleo Steward Hears From Her Cousin

(Concluded from page 2)

use. Or some razor blades, which also are hard to get. As I understand it, you can only send up to 8 ounces to us overseas. There are so many things I would like to have. Many of them would seem funny to you at home. What to us is the height of wealth is just commonplace in the States. Such as a glass of ice cold water or a volume of poems. One of the fellows is always saying he wished his folks would send him a blond sitting on a cake of ice. And I would give anything for a soft easy chair to sit in.

Now don't get the idea that I'm getting morbid for I'm not. I'm glad I'm where I am, doing my share. Have to close now with love to all.

Your Cousin Harry Anglen.

Preston Bradley

Author Scholar and Friend of Man

Through a lifetime of thoughtful study and driving initiative, you have achieved an outstanding position of inspiring spiritual leadership in Chicago and the nation. You are a champion of the ideals for which we are striving in our organization. Your deep insight into human nature, your broad vision and your friendly understanding have made it possible to extend constructive aid and encouragement not only to us but many others where in many cases you give both financial and spiritual aid to the rich or poor and to the wise or simple.

We thank you for what you are and what you do; the influence for good character and the encouragement for young men, the sense of responsibility instilled, and the inspiration and helpful cooperation that you have brought to us.

The Junior Association of Commerce of Chicago

records this expression of respect and appreciation for all that you have meant to our organization, its members and the nation.

W. J. Peak — President
R. L. Seagrist — Vice President
James O. Blaker — Secretary
W. R. Dickinson — Vice President
Frank Jantac — Vice President

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D. ..... Editor
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EDITORIAL

IT SEEMS to me that we could resolve most of life into four divisions. The first is work; the next is love; the next is worship and the last is play. Somewhere in all of the compartments of work and love and worship and play will be found every interest of life and if, in any of them, there has been a lack of appreciation or enthusiasm for life or a slowing up of your response to the joy and beauty of life, then perhaps these words will be found helpful.

What about work? That part of life which it is necessary to meet because of the economic demands. Do you remember the thrill and the joy which some of you had when you first started the task which you are now doing? The thrill which came to your heart when you first experienced the opportunity for doing the thing which you wanted to do? Has your work become drudgery? The ugliest word in a person's vocabulary is "drudgery." How are we going to recapture our lost enthusiasm in our work? Well, of course, let's be realists. For some of us it never can be recaptured, because we are not in the right work. It is important that we find, if possible, the right work. To maintain a sustained interest in our task is one of life's major requirements.

The next division is love. I mean that deep-seated fundamental loyalty to whatever is the object of our affections; that basic and fundamental relationship without which life would have no significance at all. There is many a man who is making the sacrifices and working hard in what he is doing because he is motivated by this basic tribute of love; the love of a child, the love of a woman, love of a church, love of a nation. It seems to me this world needs as it needs nothing else, with all the noise and the nervous vitality which is being expended, with all the increase and over-development of expression and activity, it seems that what this old world needs is a finer perspective of the power and influence of love. The only way in which hate can be eliminated is by eliminating it with love. Our emotions of hate and love play a major part in the determination of our destiny. I have never heard this successfully refuted, and I have never heard it authoritatively

denied.

The third element I am thinking of is worship. I am not speaking about the altar at which you may bow. I am not thinking of what creed may command your loyalty. These are all personal matters. When using the word worship in this connection I am thinking only of the highest communion of which you are capable with the highest which you know. That is what I mean by worship, and what a great place that plays in life. It is as natural for a man to worship as it is to breathe. Some principle, some truth, will be the object of man's devotion, and to recreate an enthusiasm for the truth of worship is a great step in living life adequately and beautifully.

And the last thought hardly needs any plea of mine for enthusiasm, for it really means enthusiasm; this compartment of play. The spirit of play is within us all and the heart has really ceased to live which has lost it. The reason that some of us find life hard and disagreeable and barren, and all the enthusiasm, beauty and joy gradually leaving life, is because we have lost the enthusiasm and the spirit of play. I do not mean the spasmodic, go-getter type of enthusiasm that only lasts for a few minutes and then passes out. The kind of enthusiasm I mean is the golden interest which is sustained and ripened as the years come, and never is retarded by the things that happen in life. I mean the kind of enthusiasm that persists in the presence of criticism and attack. The kind of enthusiasm which Thomas Edison had when, after he had made his first electric light, a University Professor attacked and laughed at him because he said the light would only burn a few hours and then go out. Edison went back to his laboratory and worked some more, and then some more, and as experiment after experiment took place, Edison told him: "Laugh! Laugh! But there will some day be a picture of you which I will illuminate with an incandescent light, and it will burn and burn and burn."

Love wisely and well and then find time to play. Enthusiastic in our work, enthusiastic in our love, enthusiastic in our worship, enthusiastic in our play! Life is altogether too short at its longest for one day to pass without enthusiastic response to the glory of being alive. P. B.

HACKLEY SCHOOL

Hackley School, a non-sectarian preparatory school for boys, drawing its chief support from the Unitarian denomination, is located at Tarrytown, twenty-five miles from New York City. Hackley offers, through its day school, and five and seven day boarding plan, the best possible liberal education for boys up to draft age.

While still retaining the high standards of college preparatory curriculum, Hackley has broadened its activities to include outstanding courses in aeronautics and a full department of arts and crafts.

For the first time in its forty-four years, Hackley is conducting a summer session, with credit courses for both boys and girls and a day camp for boys only. For further information, write to Dr. Mitchell Gratwick, Headmaster.

BOOK CHATS

I AM writing these Book Chats on the first Sunday after church closed. It is almost 11:30 in the morning of June 20th and as I sit here at my desk in the little study on Black Duck Island, 600 miles north of Chicago, I am thinking of what I was doing and where I was one week ago today. I can see our church and the 1500 people gathered there for our closing service. As the large congregation arose and sang "God Be With You Till We Meet Again," I thought it the most inspiring moment we have had in all these thirty-one years. Never had we had a more inspiring closing service. The people seemed reluctant to leave after the service was concluded. Here and there throughout the auditorium and in the lobbies, people were gathered in groups. After the service I christened six little babies and then greeted people until after one-thirty. Never in all of the years have I left for my summer of work, study and rest with greater encouragement or more pleasant memories. I am a fortunate pastor to have the kind of people we have in our church. Their loyalty, inspiration, understanding and encouragement are the contributing factors to the ever-increasing influence and service of our church. Somehow I feel our best years are ahead and not behind us. The church is more needed than ever. After the war is over we will face a period of reconstruction for which history provides no precedent. We must be ready for that day—and we will be.

I started out to write my Book Chats and find myself wandering far afield, but I know you will understand. I couldn't forego expressing the feelings of my heart on this June Sunday morning. Besides, it's Father's Day and I feel, as perhaps never before, that our beloved church is my family. Now, for the Book Chats!

* * *

My plans for summer reading are always extensive. Every winter I read many books which must be read in order to keep informed of what is being thought and said by authoritative minds. Then, too, my regular Wednesday evening book lectures require special consideration and study. All winter long books come to my study table which I desire to read but which, alas, go unread. Many of these I put away in a special place in my library which I label "For Summer Reading." These are always shipped to our home on the little island in Lake Vermilion, Tower, Minnesota. From my experience in previous summers, the books selected for summer reading are often more than I can read, with the result that back they come in the fall and I try to get them read sometime during a busy winter schedule. This summer's list was unusually long, as I had the busiest winter of my life, with much less time for reading.

As I have often said, I do not and never have planned to read what is sometimes called "light summer reading" or "reading for pleasure." Every good book is *good*—summer or winter, and reading to me is always a pleasure. Perhaps I shall shock some reader of mine now, but I have never read a detective story or a mystery novel in my life. I know there are many much better minds than mine who do. One of my favorite characters was Mr. Justice Holmes, and he was an avid

reader of detective stories. One of my best ministerial friends and one of the finest men I have ever known is a constant reader of detective stories. Yet, the detective and mystery novel are not for me. I am aware constantly of the passing of the days and years. There are so many great and enduring books which I have not read, that I feel every reading hour which I am not devoting to the best literature is an hour wasted and gone forever. I offer no word of criticism or condemnation of others for their reading desires. I speak only for myself. I am not much of a novel enthusiast, either. In fact, I seldom read a novel except when I have chosen one which I feel unusually important, and then I usually use it for the basis of a Wednesday evening book lecture. As far as reading novels because they are on best-seller lists, I am sure it would surprise you if you knew how many of them I have never read. There aren't two novels published in a whole year which have "eternity in their hearts." In six months most of them are as unimportant as last week's newspaper—even less important. So why waste one's precious reading hours with them? I can hear some reader talk back to me now and ask, "Well, what are you planning to read this summer?" I thought perhaps you might like to read my list of books which I have set aside for my summer reading. They are all within reach of my hand as I write these words. As my old friend, Bill Hay, used to say in introducing Amos 'n Andy, "Here they are!"—

1. "The Confessions of St. Augustine,"—F. J. Sheed (translation)
2. "Citizen Tom Paine" — Howard Fast
3. "We Cannot Escape History"—John T. Whitaker
4. "The Roots of American Culture"—Constance Rourke
5. "Stefan Zweig"—An Autobiography
6. "The Great Age of Greek Literature"—Edith Hamilton
7. "Memories of Happy Days" — Julian Green
8. "The People's Peace"—By Representatives of the United Nations
9. "The Old Fellow" — Herrymon Maurer
10. "The Complete Life"—John Erskine
11. "The Other Americans"—Edward Tomlinson
12. "Reminiscences" — Thomas Carlyle
13. "American Unity and Asia" — Pearl Buck
14. "Table Talk"—William Hazlitt
15. "The Plain Speaker" — William Hazlitt
16. "What Is a Mature Morality?"—Harold Titus
17. "On Native Grounds" — Alfred Kazin
18. "Capricornia"—Xavier Herbert
19. "The Turning Point" — Klaus Mann
20. "The Garden of Doctor Persuasion"—Francis Neilson
21. "U. S. Foreign Policy"—Walter Lippman
22. "The Day of Reckoning"—Max Radin
23. "The Wind That Swept Mexico"—Anita Brenner

* * *

I remember writing once a little essay for The Liberalist on "Reading Out-of-Doors." This was several years ago. If some reader can recall the article and approximately when it appeared, they would save my going through the files and trying to locate it. I am preparing a book on "The Art of Reading," and want to use the article referred to. Many of our subscribers have kept complete files of our

little magazine and perhaps they might have time to find it.

* * *

I have read just 37 pages of one of the books I mentioned for my summer reading. It is Francis Neilson's new book, "The Garden of Dr. Persuasion." I have read enough to know I can encourage every person who reads these lines to go out and get this book right away. The author has written eight books. He was a former member of the British Parliament, where he stood for many social and economic reforms. Later he came to the United States, married a Chicago woman, and has since lived among us. As a writer he is in the first rank. He is a scholar and humanitarian and one of the most effective public speakers I have ever heard. His public appearances in recent years have been less frequent but his interest and concern for all social, political, religious and educational matters go on unabated. The pages I have read thus far in his "The Garden of Doctor Persuasion," convince me Mr. Neilson has a more penetrating understanding of the real issues underneath this whole world cataclysm than most people. This book is going to be read through by me before I open another. I am sure I have found a book which will have a place in our Wednesday lectureship. How often does a truly great book get lost amid the thousands published! Here is a little book I hope will find its way to many hearts and minds.

* * *

One of the most difficult things I have to do is to refuse the reading of many manuscripts which are sent to me. During the past winter I have had several full-length books sent me in manuscript form asking for my opinion and requesting a recommendation of a publisher. I am sure the people who send these manuscripts do not realize how busy I am and how it is physically impossible for me to read their manuscripts. I received one manuscript last winter of over 800 pages and the writer was very indignant that I would not put everything aside and read his book which had not found a publisher.

I have less difficulty reading the poems which are sent, because they are usually shorter. I hope people who are attempting to get books published will realize that every publishing house has professional readers who read *all* submitted manuscripts and no publisher will accept any material on the word of anyone, even though his name might be William Shakespeare or John Milton. The thing to do with all manuscripts is to send them direct to publishers. All of your friends might call them masterpieces and it will make no difference to a publisher until he gets the report from *his own readers*. There are several competent people in all large cities who make a profession of criticizing and arranging material. These people make it their business to put manuscripts into shape for submission to publishers. I am sure you will understand I am not able to do this, much as I desire always to be of help and encouragement to everyone.

My space is gone. Hoping to meet you here next month— P. B.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By GRACE THAYER BRADLEY

"Arden Lodge"
Lake Vermilion.
June 13th.

Dear Friends:

The lilacs have come into glorious bloom—nearly a month late—and the air is sweet with their scent. The Indian plum blossoms gave us the pleasure of their beauty for only two days, when a strong wind made the ground white with their dainty white petals—completely robbing every branch of bloom. There have been thirty-three days of rain since the first of May; needless to say the gardens are nothing but mud, unfit for seeds to be planted. But they will be planted as soon as we have three consecutive days of sunshine to warm up the soil! When fair weather does set in things will grow quickly. Sunshine—blue sky—summer's loveliness—are not rationed,—or *are* they, and I had not heard about it? It has been nice to be here, anyway, this wayward spring. It has been fun eating in the breakfast nook in the kitchen, enjoying the cozy warmth of the range. Large logs burning in the living room fireplace keep the rest of the house very comfortable.

I am happily looking forward to the time when Dr. Bradley will arrive to take a greatly needed rest. If it were not for the relaxation he gets by coming up here to the North woods, the outdoors which he loves, bringing rest to his tired brain and weary body he never could carry on the strenuous work he does from September to June every year. This year has been exceptionally hard. Today as I write, he is preaching his thirty-first anniversary sermon! Thirty-one years in The Peoples Church—that is a long time! With each passing year his influence widens, reaching many thousands hungry for the religion he preaches—and the encouragement and inspiration they receive.

May he, in return, have strength, courage and inspiration to carry on his wonderful work for years to come!

* * *

The first letter I take out of the Mail Bag is from a Captain in the Medical Department in a California Army Camp. We are glad he is enjoying Dr. Bradley's new book! He writes:

"Dear Dr. Bradley: I wish to thank you for that fine little book 'My Daily Strength.' I have already read some of it, and you may be sure that I shall read all of it. Victory will be fruitless unless we make a peace built on love of our fellow men. I most heartily agree with the sentiment expressed on page 60 of your book. As a physician, I have become a humanitarian. There is so much quibble about theology, that real Christianity is forgotten. Yours truly, I. Vandemyde."

The next letter comes from Crown Point, Indiana, and encloses a very fine poem, but it is, unfortunately, too long for this column. However, the letter is so kindly I will give it here for your reading:

"Dear Dr. Bradley: Long an unseen

listener to your eleven o'clock Sunday broadcast over WJJD, I am not yet numbered among the hundreds who have written you letters of appreciation or criticism of your philosophy of Life and Religion.

"Born and bred a Methodist, though not attending this church to the exclusion of others, I do not find it difficult to reconcile my way of thinking to the general principles frequently announced as the chief aims of the Peoples Church of Chicago—long under your leadership.

"Permit me to say that your broadcasts, few of which are missed, are much appreciated. A lover, as you are, of poetry that finds its way into your every sermon, there is herein a copy of a unique and fitting poem entitled 'You Sail Alone,' embodied in an announcement of the passing away of the parent-author, a lifelong friend of mine. If it has appeal to your poetic instinct, you are at liberty to make use of it in any way you see fit. Looking forward to your broadcast of 'Nineteen Years on the Radio,' I am Very respectfully yours, J. B. Neal."

The talks Dr. Bradley broadcasts every morning are awakening interest in all directions, to judge from the mail received expressing appreciation. For instance, today this one from St. Louis was sent to the sponsors of the daily broadcasts, the writer not knowing Doctor's address:

"Gentlemen: This morning, over station KSD, St. Louis, I heard and very much enjoyed your program by Dr. Bradley.

"In my opinion your program is not only different, but educational as well as enjoyable—beneficial to all listeners.

"Can you have sent to me, COD, a copy of Dr. Bradley's book entitled: 'Mastering Fear,' to which he made reference in his talk this morning?

"Thanking you, I am, Very truly yours, Frank Lee."

The next letter is quite out of the ordinary—I think it is delightful! For obvious reasons I will omit the writer's name, as her minister would hardly relish it if in some way it fell into his hands!—

"Dear Dr. Bradley: I listen to your

Arden Lodge, Lake Vermilion
Island Summer Home of Dr. and Mrs. Bradley

Peoples Church broadcast nearly every Sunday. Our church (Methodist) is from 10:00 to 11:15, so I tune you in just as soon as I get home. One Sunday morning the past year it was necessary for me to do my washing on Sunday morning. I know it was the wrong thing to do, but I have a radio in the basement and I listened to your sermon while I did my washing, so I didn't feel it was so bad after all. My husband said, 'What do you think Dr. Bradley would think if he knew you were listening to him on Sunday morning while doing your washing?' I said, 'Well, I'll have to write him and tell him about it.' I got my washing done in record time that morning, so it must have helped. I do enjoy your sermons; more than from my own church. I know I should not say that, but it is the truth.

"I have a brother who attended your church when he lived in Chicago. That has been at least ten years ago. Every Sunday when I listen to your broadcast, I wish I were there in person. Even though I cannot be present Sunday, May 16th, I will try to be present at some future date. I listen to a great many of your other broadcasts, too. Very truly yours. (Signature)."

And now we must close the Mail Bag, for although I could go on for pages with so many interesting letters before me, space forbids. Elsewhere in this issue you will find the hours and stations listed for Doctor's summer broadcasts. Be listenin'?—and don't forget to write!—AND—KEEP—ON—THE—BEAM!

Taken From Dr. Bradley's New Book "My Daily Strength"

DO YOU LOVE THE WIND?

There is at work in this universe a principle of unity, integration, preservation, promotion, projection and protection of the life beautiful. That principle is a part of the cosmos. You see it in the glory of the spring, the beauty of flowers, the heart of a little child, in the sacrifice of great personalities who have left fame and fortune and have gone throughout the world of need, of suffering and of pain. Walt Whitman told us the test of the true lover of Nature was to be found in the two things: Do you love the wind, and do you love the rain?

Life without temptation would be life without a triumph. No individual who has never been tempted is ever strong. No nation that has never had difficulties has survived. No individual who has never had anything but clear skies ever becomes significant or important.

By all our experiences; by the conflict of our souls with temptation; by our mistakes and failures; by our shame and repentance; by every sorrow and by every joy; in every circumstance and in every place, teach us and lead us ever nearer to Thee.

Excerpt From Dr. Bradley's Broadcast of

MAY 18TH, 1943

A FRIEND of mine tells me he will never forget his first view of the Statue of Liberty looming up on the horizon, or the famous inscription at its base, which reads:

"Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free;
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore,
Send these, the tempest-tost, to me;
I lift my lamp beside the golden door."

President Woodrow Wilson once declared that every ship from the old world which pointed her prow westward carried the hopes of generation after generation of the oppressed of other lands. "How always," he said, "have men's hearts beat as they saw the coast of America rise to their view? How it has always seemed to them that the dweller there would be at last rid of kings, of privileged classes, and of all those bonds which had kept men depressed and helpless, and would there realize the full fruition of his sense of honest manhood, would *there* be one of a great body of brothers, not seeking to defraud or deceive one another, but seeking to accomplish a general good!" First generation Americans realize full well what this country is fighting for, for they know what the alternative can be if we lose. These immigrants have contributed their strength and their faith to the making of this country. They've done the hard work that had to be done to make this country what it is today, and they have no intention of seeing their adopted land defeated by those for whose principles they have nothing but contempt.

Yes, America can be grateful indeed for the influx of the oppressed races who came to this country in search of freedom, and who now will certainly fight to the last before relinquishing that freedom. Theirs has been a great and noble heritage. The American melting pot has been incredibly fortunate in many respects. Immigration has been distributed fairly evenly throughout our country, and in about equal numbers in farming and industrial pursuits. This country is made up of every stock in the world and yet, as Dorothy Thompson once remarked, you can tell an American if you see him in the streets of any metropolis in the world. Miss Thompson describes the typical American as a fellow whose grandfather was a German forty-eighter who settled in Wisconsin and married a Swede, whose mother's father married an Englishwoman, whose son met a girl at college whose mother was an Austrian and whose father was a Hungarian Jew, and their son right now goes to college and can't speak a word of any known language except American. Of course, that may be stretching it a bit. A sizeable portion of this country is settled by people who can trace their American ancestry back for more than one or two generations. But the fact remains that it is the immigrant, in some instances, who really appreciates what this war is all about. The intermingling of the races, far from weakening the American strain, has produced a people strong, lusty, and virtually unbeatable. New and raw as it is, America carries within it those things most worth fighting for. Justice; freedom; tolerance. Note that the preamble to the Constitution of the United States reads, rightly enough,

"We, the people of the United States." There, to my way of thinking, is one of the noblest phrases ever written. Without equivocation and leaving no room for the slightest doubt, our country's forefathers made it clear that theirs was no sudden amalgamation of states, but rather a carefully conceived plan whereby liberty was to be assured for all time. The forming of this nation was no easy task. It meant back-breaking labor; dangerous labor, in many instances. Our forefathers suffered extreme hardships, but they persevered. They had to be men of courage. And so, too, must present day America realize that these are the days when courage again is needed to save our country from disaster. We must learn to realize what we are fighting for, and having done so, we must all re-double our efforts.

This country has a heritage of freedom and democracy—a heritage which was won only after many trials and tribulations. Let us realize that we are fighting for equality, and that all of us are assuredly endowed with those inalienable rights which every American feels instinctively. That is what this war is all about. And let's remember that always. "Out of the flesh, out of the minds and hearts of thousand upon thousand common men . . . We made this thing, this dream, this land unsatisfied by little ways."

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Have you changed your address? The church office would greatly appreciate your cooperation in keeping its mailing list up to date. There are other changes, too, such as the change of name when a marriage occurs. Sometimes mail goes astray because Miss So-and-So presumes of course that the church office knows all about it when she marries and becomes Mrs. So-and-So and changes her address. Kindly cooperate and keep the record straight. Thank you!

May H. Harrison, Secretary,
The Peoples Church,
941 Lawrence Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

THE FOLLOWING NEW MEMBERS WERE PUBLICLY RECEIVED INTO MEMBERSHIP IN THE PEOPLES CHURCH SUNDAY, JUNE 6TH, 1943:

Mr. and Mrs. Herman William Carlson
Miss Noel Margaret Carlson
Mrs. Cornelia H. Eulette
Mr. Kenneth A. Johnston
Miss Olive E. King
Mrs. Lillian Rose
Mrs. Lucille Shuxteau
Mr. and Mrs. Elmer H. Guersch
Mrs. Gerald L. Staetzer

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS CENTER OF ALLIED ARTS

J. Bradley-Griffin, Director

1219 N. LaSalle St. **Whitehall 5257**

JULY CALENDAR

The hit comedy, "George Washington Slept Here," by George Kaufman and Moss Hart, will be the July presentation of The Uptown Players. Among the cast are: Marion Gibney, Mary Shelby, Marie Zoder, Ruth Mills, Patti Willis, Pearl De Boer, Dolores Meyers, Kathe Zoder, J. Bradley-Griffin, Robert Van Brunt, Walter Julien, Norman Walker, Frank Jackson, Jean Thompson, Howard Knight and Ralph Meeker.

Stage sets will again be designed by the Art Director, Marvyn Harbert, whose work is causing much comment among theatrical and artistic groups. Mr. Harbert has not followed conventional design for the theatre, and is now using the idea of "wagon stages" for rapid change.

The play will be given every Friday and Saturday evening throughout July. Curtain at 8:30 p.m. The Thursday evening attractions every Thursday during the month at 8:15. Admission Fridays and Saturdays, 55c; Thursdays, 35c.

As one of the Thursday attractions, the Players will present their director, J. Bradley-Griffin, in a dramatic recital, "There Shall Be No Night," assisted by the pianist-composer, Lulu Jones Downing.

Every Sunday evening at 5:00, Vesper Service conducted by J. Bradley-Griffin.

* * *

August Production—"Out of the Frying Pan," by Francis Swann.

Note: We are offering a SUMMER THEATRE SPECIAL ticket for $1.00, which entitles the purchaser to an admission to any two of the three summer plays, all of the Thursday attractions, and studio performances of new Chicago plays. Register for Fall classes in Acting and Characterization, Voice and Diction, Radio, Body Control, Playwriting, Stage Design, Work Shop, Art and Art Appreciation. Detailed information furnished upon request.

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS FOR THE MONTH

FROM MAY 15TH TO JUNE 15TH, 1943

MAY

15—Address. Friends of Literature dinner. Chicago Bar Association.

16—Sunday service. Peoples Church. 19th Anniversary of Broadcasting.

Address Soldiers Field.

Address. Lane Technical High School.

17—Radio Address. WGN and nine other stations.

18—Radio Address. WGN and nine other stations.

19—Radio Address. WGN and nine other stations.

20—Radio Address. WGN and nine other stations.

21—Radio Address. WGN and nine other stations.

23—Sunday Service. Peoples Church.

Address. Memorial Service. Columbus Post. Forest Home Cemetery.

24—Radio Address. WGN and nine other stations.

Address. Elwood, Ind., High School Commencement.

25—Radio Address. WGN and nine other stations.

Commencement address. Hartford City, Ind.

26—Radio Address. WGN and nine other stations.

Commencement address. Rochester, Ind.

27—Radio Address. WGN and nine other stations.

Commencement address. Marseilles, Ill.

28—Radio Address. WGN and nine other stations.

Commencement Address. Paris, Ill.

30—Sunday Service. Peoples Church.

31—Radio Address. WGN and nine other stations.

Address. Great Lakes Naval Training Station.

Address. Walt Whitman Birthday Meeting. Lake View Library.

JUNE

1—Radio Address. WGN and nine other stations.

Commencement Address. Belvidere, Ill.

2—Radio Address. WGN and nine other stations.

Address. Woman's Club. Sandwich, Ill.

3—Radio Address. WGN and nine other stations.

Cutting five radio records.

Commencement address. LaSalle-Peru High School.

4—Radio Address. WGN and nine other stations.

Cutting five radio records.

High School Commencement Address. Marengo, Ill.

5—Radio Address. Mankato and Rochester, Minn.

Cutting six radio records.

6—Sunday Service. Peoples Church.

7—Radio Address. WGN and nine other stations.

8—Radio Address. WGN and nine other stations.
Address. Graemere Hotel. T. D. & M. S. Institute Dinner.

9—Radio Address. WGN and nine other stations.
Cutting five records.
Board of Trustees Meeting. Peoples Church.

10—Radio Address. WGN and nine other stations.
Cutting four records.
High School Commencement Address. Lockport, Ill.

11—Radio Address. WGN and nine other stations.
Cutting five records.
Address. Chicago Unitarian Council Meeting.

12—Radio Address. Mankato and Rochester, Minn.
Cutting three records.

13—Sunday Service. 31st Anniversary. Peoples Church.

14—Radio Address. WGN and nine other radio stations.

Christenings

JUNE

6—Barbara Elizabeth Nemeth, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Nemeth.

13—Nancy Lois Poch, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Otta A. Poch.
Joyce Helene Gaynor, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Howard Gaynor.
Sandra Margaret Kowatt, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sanford Kowatt.
Barbara Ann Sitman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Sitman.
Mary Anne Kouba, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Kouba.
Richard James Rasmussen, son of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Rasmussen.
Charles Siegrist Logan, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles U. Logan.
Jennifer Soppeland, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Soppeland.

Funerals

MAY

22—Mrs. Eda Dreier.

30—Dr. D. A. Moses.

JUNE

1—Albert Mikes. (Police Captain).

2—Mrs. Marie E. Bartholomee.

5—Mrs. Anna Evick.
John Alfred Pilcher.

7—Robert Veasey (Memorial).

12—Wm. C. Marshall.

Weddings

MAY

15—Jerry Reinertson and Elsie Janda.
Otto Joseph Semrow and Virginia Malinowski.

22—Arthur Kendall Layden and Claire A. Illgner.

23—John A. Mumbauer and Mabel Winklemar.

29—Arni Uitti and Jerrie Bauer.
Charles O. Goulding and Catherine H. Williams.

30—Elmer H. Guersch and Agnes J. Rohde.
Carl E. Lind and Vera G. Campbell.

JUNE

8—Roy H. Morris and Josephine Macauley.

AN APPROPRIATE GIFT

WE can think of no finer gift for a friend, a relative or a neighbor, than one which will remind them of your love every month in the year.

Our Liberalist is such a gift. We are trying to make this a most vital and inspiring church magazine. Every number contains a sermon by Dr. Bradley and special articles of interest and inspiration. All of the activities of the Church are emphasized. Every month there is an interesting department which Dr. Bradley writes, called "Book Chats." There are also editorials, stories and articles, Book Reviews, and one of the most interesting features is the Radio Mail Bag in which Mrs. Bradley every month gleans from the heavy radio mail inspiring comments to pass on to readers.

If you desire to send this magazine to a friend and will send $1.50 to Mrs. Thomas A. Harrison, Subscription Manager, Peoples Church, 941 Lawrence Avenue, we will send a Card announcing your gift. The magazine is now in its twentieth year of publication, and goes all over the United States and to many foreign lands. Why not send your $1.50 today? It will come regularly every month. No one connected with the publication receives any compensation and all funds above the cost of production go directly to the Treasury of the Peoples Church to help our financial problem. Please subscribe.

Subscription Coupon

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941 Lawrence Avenue
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Winslow Heg
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William James Walters
Elmer M. Wiederer
Marie Tilles
Robert H. Wiggins
Robert L. Eldred
Charles Paige
Stephanie M. Kratovil
Harry DuMont

*Killed in action.
**Reported missing at sea.

Church Activities

✦ ✦ ✦

DR. BRADLEY'S SUMMER ACTIVITIES:

BROADCASTS

EVERY SUNDAY—WJJD—Chicago ..... 11:00 a.m.

Daily, Monday Through Friday

WGN—Chicago, Ill..... 7:15 a.m.
KYSM—Mankato, Minn... 6:30 p.m.
WNAX—Yankton, S. D... 6:00 p.m.
KBTM—Jonesboro, Ark... 7:45 a.m.
KROC—Rochester, Minn... 6:30 p.m.
WOW—Omaha, Neb..... 7:15 a.m.
KSD—St. Louis, Mo..... 7:15 a.m.
KFEQ—St. Joseph, Mo.... 6:00 p.m.
WHO—Des Moines, Iowa. 6:00 p.m.
KATE—Albert Lea-Austin, Minn. ..... 8:00 p.m.

WEEKLY BOOK REVIEW FOR THE CHICAGO SUN—"BOOK WEEK" —"Religious Book of the Week"

SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE RESUMED September 19th (Broadcast by WJJD) ..... 11:00 a.m

SUNDAY EVENING SERVICE RESUMED November 7th..... 7:30 p.m.

CHURCH SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION RESUMED September 19th..... 9:30 a.m.

JUNIOR CHURCH RESUMED September 19th..... 11:00 a.m.

WEDNESDAY EVENING BOOK LECTURES RESUMED November 3rd ..... 8:00 p.m.

CHOIR REHEARSALS RESUMED September 16th..... 8:00 p.m.

RED CROSS UNIT—Meets every Tuesday and Thursday in Channing Hall..... 9:30-4:00 p.m.

WOMAN'S CLUB—For information on summer activities, telephone Mrs. R. F. Bacon, Corr. Sec., Edg. 1735

PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS WOMAN'S CLUB—For information on summer activities, telephone Miss Grace Rozanski, Bri. 6914

MEN'S CLUB RESUMED November 29th..... 8:00 p.m.

USHERS' CLUB RESUMED September 16th..... 8:00 p.m.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S CLUB RESUMED September 19th..... 4:00 p.m.

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS—1219 N. LaSalle St.—Whi. 5257. J. Bradley-Griffin, Director. July Play—The hit comedy, "George Washington Slept Here." Every Friday and Saturday. Curtain, 8:30 p.m. Tickets, 55c. Thursday, July 8th, 8:00 p.m., J. Bradley-Griffin, Dramatic Recital, "There Shall Be No Night," assisted by pianist-composer, Lulu Jones Downing. Sunday evening vesper service, 5:00 to 6:00.

DIRECTORY

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